

THE  
IMPERTINENT:  
OR, A  
VISIT  
TO THE  
COURT.  
A  
SATYR.

---

By Mr. POPE. *K*

---

The SECOND EDITION.

---

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. HILL, in *White-Fryers, Fleet-street*. MDCCXXXVII.

Price One Shilling.



THE  
IMPERIAL

O. R. A.

LIST

TO THE

COURT



STAIRS

By Mr. P. P. E.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON

Printed for E. Hill, in Strand, near the Theatre Royal.  
Price One Shilling.



To the AUTHOR

# AUTHOR

Of the following

# SATIRE.

**A**uspicious Bard! with ev'ry Charm endu'd;  
By Thee is truest Eloquence renew'd;

In Thee so neat a Negligence we view,

That, all seems Art, yet all seems Nature too:

To Thee is giv'n, with pure and genuine Sense;

To censure Folly and Impertinence;

So Juvenal, in keen Remarks, of Old,

Rome's tainted Manners elegantly told;

With such just Boldness manly Horace writ,

And baffled Folly, by his vig'rous Wit:

Oh, graceful Bard! All must applaud thy Fire,

All, who the Charms of Decency admire;

All



To the A U T H O R.

*All the Judicious shall extend Applause,  
And Fops alone regret their ruin'd Cause;*

*They, whom Impertinence has seiz'd — thy Pains  
Shall bless — and thence have comfortable Gains :*

*Behold the Celebrated Dryden! (laid*

*From Emulation, in the peaceful Shade)*

*Erects his reverend Head, and smiles to see*

*The Cause of Reason thus espous'd by Thee.*



THE



[ 1 ]

THE

IMPERTINENT,

Visit to the COURT.

A

SATIRE.

WELL, if it be my Time to quit the Stage,  
Adieu to all the Follies of the Age!  
I die in Charity with Fool and Knave,

Secure of Happiness beyond the Grave.

I've had my *Purgatory* here betimes,

And paid for all my Satires, all my Rhymes :

B

The



The Poet's Hell, its Tortures, Fiends and Flames,  
To this were Trifles, Toys, and empty Names.

WITH foolish *Pride* my Heart was never fir'd,  
Nor the vain Itch t'*admire*, or *be admir'd*;  
I hop'd for no *Commission* from his Grace;  
I sought no *Benefice*, I begg'd no *Place*;  
Had no *new Verses*, or *new Suit* to show;  
Yet went to COURT! — the Dev'l wou'd have it so.  
But, as the Fool, that in reforming Days  
Wou'd go to Mass in Jest, (as Story says)  
Could not but think, to pay his *Fine* was odd,  
Since 'twas no form'd Design of serving God:  
Such was my Fate, whom Heav'n adjudg'd as *proud*,  
As prone to *Ill*, as negligent of *Good*,  
As deep in *Debt*, without a Thought to pay,  
As *vain*, as *idle*, and as *false*, as they  
Who *live* at Court, for going once that Way!

SCARCE was I enter'd, when behold! there came  
A Thing which *Adam* had been pos'd to name;

Noah



*Noah* had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,  
 Where all the Race of *Reptiles* might embark :  
 A verier Monster than on *Africk's* Shore  
 The Sun e're got, or flimy *Nilus* bore,  
 Or *Sloane*, or *Woodward's* wondrous Shelves contain;  
 Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.

THIS Thing has *travell'd*, speaks each Language too,  
 And knows what's fit for ev'ry State to do;  
 Of whose best Phrase and courtly Accent join'd,  
 He forms one Tongue exotic and refin'd.  
 Talkers, I've learn'd to bear; *M-t-t-a* I knew,  
*Henley* himself I've heard, nay *B-dg-l* too:  
 The Doctor's Wormwood Style, the Hash of Tongues,  
 A Pedant makes; the Storm of *G-f-n's* Lungs,  
 The whole Artillery of the Terms of War,  
 And (all those Plagues in one) the bawling Bar;  
 These I cou'd bear; but not a Rogue so civil,  
 Whose Tongue can complement you to the Devil,  
 A Tongue that can cheat Widows, cancel Scores,  
 Make *Scots* speak Treason, cozen subtlest Whores,

With



With Royal Favourites in Flatt'ry vie,  
And *Oldmixon* and *Burnet* both out-lie.

HE spies me out. I whisper, gracious God,  
What Sin of mine cou'd merit such a Rod?  
That all the Shot of Dulness now must be  
From this thy Blunderbuss discharg'd on me!

Well met (he cries) and happy sure for each,

For I am pleas'd to learn, and you to teach;

What *Speech* esteem you most? — "The *King's*,

But the best *Words*? — "O Sir, the *Dictionary*.

You miss my Aim; I mean the most acute

And perfect *Speaker*? — "Onflow, past Dispute.

But Sir, of Writers? — "Swift, for closer Style,

"And *Ho—ly* for a Period of a Mile.

Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass

Good common Linguists, and so (*Panurge* was;

Nay troth, th' *Apostles*, (tho' perhaps too rough)

Had once a pretty Gift of Tongues enough.

Yet these were all *poor Gentlemen*! I dare

Affirm, 'twas *Travel* made them what they were.

THUS



THUS others Talents having nicely shown,  
 He came by soft Transition to his own:  
 Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,  
 Pity! you was not Druggerman at *Babel*:  
 For had they found a Linguist half so good,  
 I make no Question but the *Tow'r* had stood.

" OBLIGING Sir! I love you, I profess,  
 " But with you lik'd Retreat a little less;  
 " Spirits like you, believe me, shou'd be seen,  
 " And (like *Ulysses*) visit Courts, and Men.  
 " So much *alone*, to speak plain Truth between us)  
 " You'll die of Spleen."— Excuse me, *Nunquam minus*.  
 But as for *Courts*, forgive me if I say,  
 No Lessons now are taught the *Spartan* way:  
 Tho' in his Pictures Lust be full display'd,  
 Few are the Converts *Aretine* has made;  
 And tho' the Court show *Vice* exceeding clear,  
 None shou'd, by my Advice, learn *Virtue* there.

AT this, entranc'd, he lifts his Hands and Eyes,  
 Squeaks like a high-stretch'd Lutestring, and replies:



" Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly Things

" To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings ! "

Then happy Man who shows the Tombs ! said I,

He dwells amidst the Royal Family ;

He, ev'ry Day, from *King* to *King* can walk,

Of all our *Harries*, all our *Edwards* talk,

And get by speaking Truth of Monarchs dead,

What few can of the living, *Ease* and *Bread*.

" Lord ! Sir, a meer *Mechanick* ! strangely low,

" And coarse of Phrase — your *English* all are so.

" How elegant your *Frenchman* ? — Mine, d'ye mean ?

I have 'but one, I hope the Fellow's clean.

" Oh ! Sir, politely well ! nay, let me dye,

" Your only wearing is your *Padua-foy*."

Not Sir, my only — I have better still,

And this, you see, is but my *Disfhabille*—

Wild to get loose, his *Patience* I provoke,

Mistake, confound, object, at all he spoke.

But as coarse Iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,

And Itch most hurts, when anger'd to a Sore ;

So when you plague a Fool, 'tis still the Curse,

You only make the Matter worse and worse.

HE



HE pass it o'er ; put on an easy Smile  
 At all my Peevishness, and chang'd his Style.  
 He asks, " What *News* ? I tell him of new Plays,  
 New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.  
 He hears ; and as a Still, with Simples in it,  
 Between each Drop it gives, stays half a Minute ;  
 Loth to enrich me with too quick Replies,  
 By little, and by little, drops his Lies.  
 Meer *Household Trash* ! of Birth-Nights, Balls and Shows,  
 More than ten *Hollingsbeds*, or *Halls*, or *Stoves*.  
 When the *Queen* frown'd, or smil'd, he knows ; and what  
 A subtle Minister may make of that ?  
 Who sins, with whom ? who got his Pension *Rug*,  
 Or quicken'd a Reversion by a *Drug* ?  
 Whose Place is *quarter'd out*, three Parts in four,  
 And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore ?  
 Who, having lost his Credit, pawn'd his Rent,  
 Is therefore fit to have a *Government* ?  
 Who in the *Secret*, deals in Stocks secure,  
 And cheats th'unknowing Widow, and the Poor ?

Who



Who makes a *Trust*, or *Charity*, a *Job*,  
 And gets an Act of Parliament to rob;  
 Why *Turnpikes* rose, and why no *Cit*, nor *Clown*  
 Can *gratis* see the *Country*, or the *Town*?  
 Shortly no *Lad* shall *chuck*, or *Lady* *vole*,  
 But some excising *Courtier* will have *Toll*.  
 He tells what *Strumpet* *Places* sells for *Life*,  
 What *Squire* his *Lands*, what *Citizen* his *Wife*,  
 And last (which proves him wiser still than all)  
 What *Lady's* *Face* is not a *whited Wall*?  
 As one of *Woodward's* *Patients*, *sick*, and *fore*,  
 I *puke*, I *nauseate*,—yet he thrusts in more;  
 Shows *Poland's* *Int'rests*, takes the *Primate's* *Part*,  
 And talks *Gazettes* and *Post-Boys* o'er by *Heart*.  
 Like a big *Wife* at *Sight* of loathsome *Meat*,  
 Ready to *cast*, I *yawn*, I *figh*, I *sweat*:  
 Then as a *licenc'd Spy*, whom nothing can  
 Silence, or hurt, he *libels* the *Great Man*;  
 Swears every *Place* *entail'd* for *Years* to come,  
 In *sure Succession* to the *Day* of *Doom*!

He



He names the *Price* for ev'ry *Office* paid;  
 And says our *Wars* thrive ill, because *delay'd*;  
 Nay hints, 'tis by *Connivance* of the Court,  
 That *Spain* robs on, and *Dunkirk's* still a Port.  
 Not more Amazement seiz'd on *Circe's* Guests,  
 To see themselves fall endlong into Beasts,  
 Than mine, to find a Subject staid and wife,  
 Already half turn'd Traytor by Surprise.  
 I felt th'Infection slide from him to me,  
 As in the Pox, some give it, to get free;  
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw  
 One of our Giant *Statues* ope its Jaw!  
 In that nice Moment, as another Lye  
 Stood just a-tilt, the *Minister* came by.  
 Away he flies. He bows and bows again;  
 And close as *Umbra* joins the dirty Train:  
 Not *Naso's* Self more impudently near,  
 When half his Nose is in his Patron's Ear.  
 I blest my Stars! but still afraid to see  
 All the Court fill'd with stranger Things than he,



Run out as fast, as one, that pays his Bail,  
And dreads more Actions, hurries from a Jail.

BEAR me some God! oh quickly bear me hence  
To wholesome Solitude, the Nurse of Sense :  
Here Contemplation prunes her ruffled Wings,  
And the free Soul looks down to pity Kings.  
Here still Reflection led on sober Thought,  
Which Fancy colour'd, and a Vision wrought.  
A *Vision* Hermits can to Hell transport,  
And bring ev'n me to see the Damn'd at Court.  
Not *Dante*, dreaming all th'Infernal State,  
Saw such a Scene of *Envy*, *Sin*, and *Hate*.  
Base Fear becomes the Guilty, not the Free ;  
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me.  
Shall I, the Terror of this sinful Town,  
Care, if a livery'd Lord or smile or frown ?  
Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,  
Tremble before a *noble Serving-Man* ?  
O my fair Mistress, *Truth* ! Shall I quit thee,  
For huffing, braggart, puff *Nobility* ?

Thou,



Thou, who since Yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all  
 The busy, idle Blockheads of the Ball,  
 Hast thou, O *Sun*! beheld an emptier Sort,  
 Than such as swell this Bladder of a Court?  
 Now Pox on those who shew a \* *Court in Wax*!  
 It ought to bring all Courtiers on their Backs.  
 Such painted Puppets, such a varnish'd Race  
 Of hollow Gewgaws, only Dress and Face,  
 Such waxen Noses, stately, staring Things,  
 No wonder some Folks bow, and think them *Kings*.

AND now the *British* Youth, engag'd no more  
 At *Fig's* or *White's*, with *Felons*, or a *Whore*,  
 Pay their last Duty to the *Court*, and come  
 All fresh and fragrant, to the *Drawing-Room*:  
 Colours as gay, and Odours as divine,  
 As the fair Fields they fold to look so fine.  
 "That's *Velvet* for a *King*!" the *Flatt'rer* swears;  
 'Tis true, for Ten Days hence 'twill be *King Lear's*.

Our

\* A famous Show of the COURT of FRANCE in Waxwork.



Our Court may justly to our Stage give Rules,  
 That helps it both to *Fool's Coats*, and to *Fools*.  
 And why not Players strut in Courtiers Cloaths?  
 For these are Actors too, as well as those:  
 Wants reach all States; they beg but better dress,  
 And all is *splendid Poverty* at best.

PAINTED for Sight, and essenc'd for the Smell,  
 Like Frigates fraught with Spice and Cochine'l,  
 Sail in the *Ladies*: How each Pyrate eyes  
 So weak a Vessel, and so rich a Prize!  
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her Trim,  
 He boarding her, she striking Sail to him.  
 " *Chere Comtesse!* you have Charms all Hearts to hit!"  
 And " *sweet Sir Fopling!* you have so much Wit!"  
 Such Wits and Beauties are not prais'd for nought,  
 For both the *Beauty* and the *Wit* are bought.  
 'Twou'd burst ev'n *Heracitus* with the Spleen.  
 To see those Anticks, *Fopling* and *Courtin*:  
 The *Presence* seems, with Things so richly odd,  
 The Mosque of *Mabound*, or some queer *Pa-god*.

See



See them survey their Limbs, by *Durer's* Rules,  
 Of all Beau-kind the best proportion'd Fools!  
 Adjust their Cloaths, and to Confession draw  
 Each idle Atom, or erroneous Straw;  
 What Terrors wou'd distract each conscious Soul,  
 Convicted of that mortal Sin, a Hole!  
 Or should one Pound of Powder less bespread  
 The Monkey-Tail that wags behind his Head!  
 Thus finish'd and corrected to a Hair,  
 They march, to prate their Hour before the Fair;  
 So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,  
 With Band of Lilly, and with Cheek of Rose;  
 Sweeter than *Sharon*, in immaculate Trim,  
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.  
 Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest;  
 Prodigious! how the Things *Protest, Protest*:  
 Peace, Fools! or *G-n-f-n* will for Papists seize you,  
 If once he catch you at your *Jesu! Jesu!*

NATURE made ev'ry Fop to plague his Brother,  
 Just as one Beauty mortifies another.

E

But



But here's the *Captain*, that will plague you both,  
 Whose Air cries, Arm! whose very Look's an Oath:  
 What tho' his Soul be Bullet, Body Buff?  
 Damn him, he's honest, Sir,— and that's enuff.  
 He spits fore-right; his haughty Chest before,  
 Like batt'ring Rams, beats open ev'ry Door;  
 And with a Face as red, and as awry,  
 As *Herod's* Hang-dogs in old Tapestry,  
 Scarecrow to Boys, the breeding Woman's Curse;  
 Has yet a strange Ambition to look worse:  
 Confounds the Civil, keeps the Rude in Awe,  
 Jest's like a licens'd Fool, commands like Law.  
 Frighted, I quit the Room, but leave it so,  
 As Men from Jayls to Execution go;  
 For hung with \* *Deadly Sins* I see the Wall,  
 And lin'd with *Giants*, deadlier than 'em all:  
 Each Man an † *Ascapart*, of Strength to toss  
 For Quoits, both *Temple-Bar* and *Charing-Cross*.  
 Scar'd at the grizly Forms, I sweat, I fly,  
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd Spy.

*Courts*

\* The Room hung with Tapestry now very antient, representing the *Seven Deadly Sins*.

† A Giant famous in divers Romances.



*Courts* are no Match for Wits so weak as mine;  
 Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold *Divine*!  
 From such alone the Great Rebukes endure,  
 Whose *Satire's sacred*, and whose Rage *secure*.  
 'Tis mine to wash a few flight Stains; but theirs  
 To deluge Sin, and drown a Court in Tears.  
 Howe'er, what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,  
 In Time to come, may pass for *Holy Writ*.

FINIS.





[ 15 ]

Cowards are no Match for Wits to weak as mine;  
Charge them with Heaven's Artillery, bold Divine!  
From such alone the Great Rebukes endure,  
Whole Nature's Jaws, and whole Rage ferre.  
Tis mine to wash a few light Stains; but theirs  
To deluge Sin, and drown a Court in Tears.  
However, what's now Appropria, my Wit,  
In Time to come, may pass for Holy Wit.





